



35¢ ELSEWHERE

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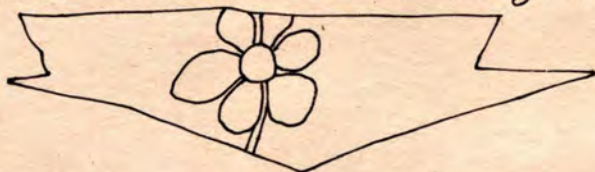
1 the Night quiet; but
like the quiet of
expectation.

the dell seeming so silent
and still - swallows into the
surfaces of thought.

The stiff, wet trees, the utter
soundlessness greet me. Suck me
in like a warm crotch ready to heave.

I've just come from the streets.
I've just come from the streets

Where Night cannot linger. Where expectation cannot
grow; where silence is driven into the ground.



Cold fingers run past me to the corner
clutching a letter.

SNOW SHAPES LAY CRUMPLED ABOUT
IN HEAPS OF BROKEN GLASS. CHUNKS
OF SHREDDED COCONUT SWEEP OUT
OF THE AISLES. TO EXPOSE NOTHING
BUT UGLY LACERATIONS FOR CARS TO
SHIT UPON. HOW ALL THINGS ARE BEING
REWORKED.

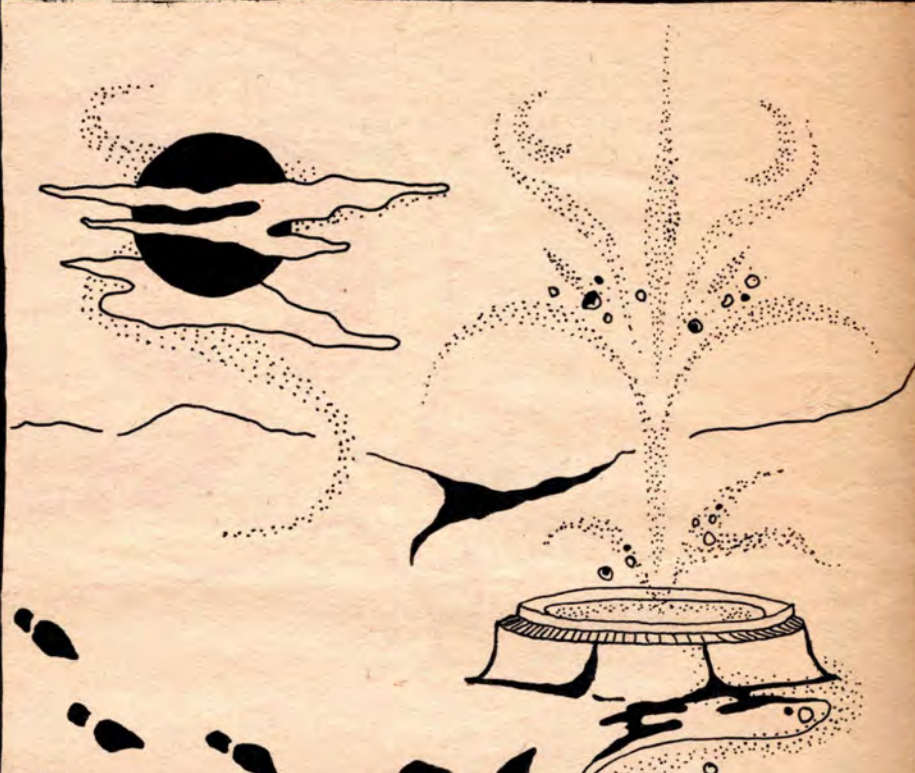
NIGHT, QUIET: THREATENING,
GRINNING, GIVING ME THANK GOD SOMETHING TO EXPECT

2

COY BITCH THIS WINTER THAT
SO INTENSELY LIMITS ALL ENVIRON-
MENT. CENTRALIZING IT UPON WARMTH.

THE WARMTH OF PANTS, THE WARMTH OF
A ROOM AND THE LIFE THEY HOLD. THE
TREES AS THE CONCRETE FROM STONE
CHILL. THEIR SKELETAL FORM EXPO-
SED, RISING RIDGIDLY LIKE A SPIRE
FROM THE CUNT OF THE EARTH. A
TREE, AS AN ORGASM PHOTOGRAPHED
AND WELDED INTO METAL; A SCULPTURE
DRAWING THE SEVEN ELEMENTS
THROUGH ITSELF AND RADIATING THEM
OUT TO THE INNUMERABLE SENSES.
TONGUE, FINGER AND PHYSICAL SENSE;
CONSCIOUS MIND; UNCONSCIOUS MIND
AS DREAMLESS, SPIRALLING SLEEP;
BLISS, AND FAR THROUGH THE TREES -
CENDENT PERCEPTIONS OF DEATH.

Leaf left hanging, as if to absorb and



Reflect
Each day's gene-
rosity, responds
through the same pro-
cesses that this wooden
table reacts to all life, as to
this pen. Even as a leaf ungenerated,
as a plant unborn.

Chills, darkness, desire; relations
so acutely born of winter. Nothing blossoming, yet
all now, to a like extent, a dim intensity, pulsating like
a fog; still. Radiating an empathetic suggestion, even as a stone.
Small stone throbbing now within a hand. Pulsing, swirling, living
as a pause, as glass. Living to draw like fire this deep chill from the
walls of the mountain. Stone, ready to crack like a machine gun into
the belly of this frightened whore.



Time grabbed us to its pace and slowly moved us beneath the fro-
zen surface of the river. We walked on and looked around each corner,
greeted by the wind. We dancing a slippery step to the nearest store
and back, pictures of spring strolling aimlessly by.

Hidden safely behind heat walls lay our jelly dreams, thawing
without flowing and we built our homes and prepared our bodies like
seeds and readied the furniture and watched. I drift into your head
and dart out, I dare not speak till we are planted again. Stretching
and bending, I turn once more to find you there, it looks like a mir-
ror, products of the same ice. We readied and readied. The explosion
passed like a bump on the moon. Sensory dreams and old men's feet
propped on a potbellied stove. I don't know, I rest patiently hidden
breathing smoke and overcrowding through one nostril and exhaling no
one. I awake early one morning and break my plow on the frozen cement.
Three empty cars watched and didn't move. I returned to sleep and fan-
cy and saw the young girl swim the frozen lake.

No one stirred. It was breakfast. A silence but the munching of
soggy porridge and exchange of night visions through eyes grown tired
past bleary. We return to our chambers and no one awakens. More snow
has fallen. The ice across the streets, frozen hills and tundra trudge
safety home. The pacer is backstabbed. I meet my best in the hall
and give him room to pass. A handiwork is January, frostbite grey
meditations, I said to the wall. A moment's pause for the echo, the
day replied its silence. The bubble burst and we showered in its co-
lors, soon drowning in a sea of reactions. The record player turned.
My ceiling was bare, I dreamt of a girl without a face. Beyond the
window the always blue paled back uninviting of the snow. I whis-
pered to a lover who had gone away.

3

I'd come to lie beated beneath the leaning
tree in the dell. I don't know if I fled from some-
thing or if I went there to be there. A strong
tree, I fell into the snow iced delicately like a
gyre about me. Was immediately comfortable lean-
ing into the tree - holding me, eliminating itself
into vagueness above me. The throbbing sky dark-
ening like a mystery. Breaths giving visions to pat-
terns of the air like a pulse.

The sounds around as quiet and piercing as
madness, only interrupted occasionally by the ani-
mal noises of those passing quickly along on the
road. Quickly along a walk but not going or coming -
passing through the hall in patterns of electricity.

Unthreatened in the dell. Blanketed by the sha-
dow of the leaning tree. (Its warm roots the music of
a recorder.) Sucking upon the breast of the foun-
tain. Some footsteps near, it but they're mine. Come
here to sit and hide and imagine this a gift, or per-
haps a purpose, of the cold.

To be a guest for a very short time in a hou-
se where doors know when to close. My pants are
wet with snow and leaving is a great decision;
all the rest is bullshit. Walking out of the dell up
the path I'd made sliding down; I was running -
then realized it and turned about: supposing that
it doesn't take much to move around when I'm
sitting down.

The trees offer me their comfort.

Legions of children tramping home from St-
Louis square with unscabbered hockey skates on
their feet clomping in carefully balanced steps
against the sidewalk.

I step outside-dip, plunge- my gait straining against the tumult of snow and night. Foul blizzard! Circumstance these winter days, I think, has become as tyrannical as the sky or one's vision or worse. The night twists fireclay through St. Laurent. A street for storms in any season. Not close and familiar, but broad palisade of business, tumbled with neon messages and the scuttling multitudes. We huddle like terrified mice along the sidewalk, at the mercy in spite of our clever trinkets of the freezing winds; furies of what universe?— certainly not mine, but more tangible finally than the ground that runs through us all, foolish anchor!

ICE

What FLIP!

SomersAULTing Sky

Collides

DOUBLE SLIDE

my ass

My mittens disappear into the jaws of a car; swerving headlights, dirty tire slush.

I've scraped my fingers on the black pavement that glares rough and frozen beneath the chain-mail grasp of ice. Spewing sleet and the silliness of curses swallowed by the gale. Mockery.

Such willfulness is assurance that we weren't meant to make the parts fit, our perceptions arranged on a careful mobile in a still room, aristotilian perfection. No path to the kaleidoscope garden of lost pieces come together, fragments of sensation coalesce, the closed parenthesis where I belong. No filled in blank inserted coin, God in Heaven. It is a solemn thing to be buffeted.

The bakery is crowded with the good citizens of the neighborhood, ruddy cheeked. Their noses melt in the damp smell of cooking dough. The oven is like a mother, forgiving. It is the icicles that are transient and foolish, drooling onto the floor in ingenuous puddles. We are grateful children. I think toward my neighbors, and will lead dutiful lives. Day-old bread twelve cents a loaf. The snow whirls in graceful curves beyond the window, her obedient skirts.

Propaganda of hydro and gaz naturel du Québec. Out the door, head down, turn a treacherous corner and arms of the blizzard engulf me, ferocious.

(And sometimes the snow alights on the city like a dove, in the dark part of the night. The morning is soft and secretive, and loneliness is deep and still and gives strength.)



The theory, heading back along St. Urbain, is that time in the winter is not marked by the pendulum or a necklace of episodes, traceable and sure, like a railroad tracking through the wasteland, confident. The anteroom to spring where I will sit resignedly, spinning on dizzy circles of my own distraction, until the clicking of my mind dissolves into the sway of dream objects, spirits in their own orbit. In the hourglass, the sand drifts in lazy curls, refusing to fall. The moments lengthen and return upon themselves, taking their rhythm from the image. It is in the object, a limb, the space taken up, hot and soft, their breath.

St. Urbain, uphill. Too wide and exposed for such cold weather. Street like an old newspaper, the city lies rumpled. What will it feel like when the earth meets the sky once more at the proper place? Windy scherzo at my ears, unties my scarf, cold chin, demon fingers. Out of the corner of my eye, the mountain pristine in the cold, indifferent deity.

(And sometimes the snow descends upon the city talons bared; exuberant harpies riding in on fierce gales, screech their scorn for the fragile grey whimsy of these city buildings, cluttered wretchedly along a greyer river.)

My mittenless hands hold the bread. They are very cold but I will soon be home.



4 Looking down the grey street to walk, the dim lights, high and thin, stationed at its side; a fine orange fog veiling the distance. Prince Arthur, with no linear variations, cuts like a heavy knife a track to my house. Homes against the street, their gables glaring at me like black smoke rising.

Ann was in the dell before she met me this evening. We passed there again together, going close enough to see her steps. Her long dark coat whitened to the shoulders from falling in the snow. She went about to each of the trees but couldn't reach the fountain—the snow there deep and breaking into the tops of her boots. Ann was in the dell before she met me this evening and a dog tugged at her scarf. Ann's that way. And her face came like a doorway with a

light strings of hair and frost caught soft a velvet ribbon at the edge of her dark lips. I think of that now in the kitchen drinking green tea. And some car, with the quick graceful motions of a shark, easing past me, beyond each streetlight, through the distance towards the east.



Down to
Stale porridge
Head full of cracked porcelain
And our window smudged.

Instead of the headlong dance
Throo the green transparency of summer
Lightning whispers
Birdlike
Ease of pastel memories
Rising in rivers
And dreams

As,
In winter on a farm:
We sit around a fire
Flames flow with your hair
Warm voices crackle distantly
Winter is for recollection
Tea in the late afternoons
Barn of animal noises
And the hot smell of manure
Sharp on white air.

Stories of children we never were.
City people
Pale eyes frozen
Fireless
Shattered ice on a curbstone
Waiting in wainscotted rooms
For a country spring
To turn the sludge
Into a whirl of growth
For the lily to arise
Anointed and eager
From the tomb of our hone
Dreams

The dead cat in the
In the alleyway
Grey
Is the color of walls
His eyes
The sky
Lies fur frozen to the ice.





all our friends who kept us in music and dope while we plodded along. And much love to everybody else too.



My stomach turns a busy signal to your question. I throw a knife into your dead kingdom.

City beings routine life style action mere reaction to stimulus, creating more stimulus, creating more reaction, creating more stimulus more reaction stimulus. Eternal. See the frustrated vegetable. Pure action beyond the patterned response mode of being. We stand, wait for the light, cross as a million cows jog avoid each other, positioning careful. Beyond this, seeking environment unification beyond me amidst me around me now. Belching skyscrapers after dinner.

Walk down any suburban street, peace they call it, overbearing symmetry, micrometer measured street lengths. A row of replanted trees, each fifteen exactly feet from the next, each block one hundred yards long and wide, bordered on the side by identical replicas of imitation brick and fake wood shelters. Patterned colors designed by an architect falling asleep. Nothing stirs. The neighborhood looks like a trance. Behind the doors watching television. Thoughtless placidity wrapped around a cocktail.

We head quietly to catatonia. Place city slicker James McFreak Good Guy in country paradise watch he whittles nervously at a tree trunk until he has smoothed a telephone pole, listens to birds silent singing, one second, runs around his sculpture till centrifugal force lands him in truck elevator nine o'clock five o'clock metro bar hangout television tranquility. Neon lights cause yellow skin and strobing eyes.

Everyday hammering pounding throbbing rushing streets production of reaction neuroses. Watch him in action industrialization utilization total energy fantastic superficial sweat layers, never melting, production always motion continual monotony assembly line straight line direct path point A to point B city consciousness. What am I talking about. Me you too like him. Right.

Our awareness expands in carbon stranguelation monoxide noise pollution hydrate chemistry. Most of our new evolved greater brain energies magic powers spent filtering further futile heaps of superfluous vibrations that fill each newly cleansed cerebrum conscious super conscious cell.

Composition compost. Entertain yourself baby.

Image- imagery, sense-sensuality, total mind fuck blitz. What's left. Two thousand people rush hour packed entertainment. Television reality amidst a sea of manufactured beauty. City heights. Entertain me please one dollar fifty at the door.

The lone dancer knocks himself,



Logos - MONTREAL MARCH, 1970

ARCMTL SCAN 2021






ROPE another day in our flats.

Till all that was left was faceless and formless and half burnt mold
that stank all the way from highway boredom to destruction alley.
Perpetually convalesced and returned to some new point on the eternal
spiral where we could call time out to rewind our watches,
Only to lose it all over again to some blue eyed angel of awareness who
dazzled us every time she walked out the door,
And to find it didn't matter in endless thoughts and mescaline inspired
visions leaving feelings of eternal bliss amidst dreams of Christ-
mas past and Christmas future.
And huddled around the fire hoping to learn something and when someone
spoke we moved from oblivion to depression,
Covered endlessly about madmen we knew and others and lovers till my
evolutionary experience flipped around, spun thrice in the air
and splattered on the floor like an egg to become the landlords
hardboiled embryo.
Hoped for snow or cold winds or apocalyptic January nights to make
these embryonic yearnings appear,
Until it only rained and turned everything to grey slush and that turned
solid in the night and it all hardly mattered,
And read and loved and surrendered cloud visions to any passerby who
would interrupt,
Slamming open the door to every passing stranger and getting bitter
at not being allowed to dream as we wished.
Silently pleaded, rejected and finally retired watching our bones expand
and contract with the moon phase menopause of all none.
Calling some dark dark oblivion to every girl who walked by and led
her into a dazzle of catatonic wonderment,
Screamed and screwed, then cursed and blessed before any bedtime brought
us down,
And woke every morning exploding with life to be totally worn down and
dragged and beaten by breakfast.
Spoke of strength in a horizontal world and grew more proficient at
building armchairs, backrests and feather bed chocolate spring
board rug sofas,
And vanished deeper in the timeless void of dreams only to finally
open the door and find a city behind it,
And every morning flew out the door and sailed to city center to re-
turn at noon totally beaten
And woke up somehow the next day to do it all again.

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 saint of
 many a
 religious
 head - for
 such holy
 heads and
 for various ones
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Showings at 7:00 and 9:30 P.M.

Thurs. March 19 Université de Montréal Grand
Auditorium. Showings at 7, 9* 11 P.M.

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Showings at 4:30, 7:30, 9:30 P.M.*

Sat. March 21 McGill Univ. Leacock Bldg. Rm. 132
Showings at 4:30, 7:00, 9:30 P.M.*

Sun. March 22 Sir George Williams Univ. Rm. H110
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BABA RAM DASS

Baba Ram Dass, another guru, I thought on the way out to meet him. Great holy man to preach "the Truth" to the world. An old acid pusher, with Leary at Harvard, now pushing his latest trip. Western skepticism peaking on the bus. But we got there and this smile, this light glowing around him. And he raps the language I do. An interview, not to much what he said, nor even how he said it.

Logos: You were for a long time, an "expert" on the subject of acid. What do you think of drugs and the dope scene in general now that you have detached from it?

Ram Dass: Psychedelics have always been more than the pill itself. It's the settings, where and with whom you take it, your state of mind and your reasons for taking it. It was apparent from the beginning that most took it to intensify their sensual gratification. But it was also seen that some could use it to explore inner spaces and reach higher planes, until they would transcend their reason for taking it. Even those who used it solely for heightening of their sensual experience would be exposed, if only for a second, to another level of reality. Once that happened an irreversible process began. Though it may take years, they begin to scan and explore. That's what the chemical is about, to show the possibilities. A lot of us use it beyond what we need it for. Once we've seen the possibility we may as well get on with it. LSD is a method, but not a total one, nor one without costs. There is a crutch element of LSD. The problem is to be high, rather than get high, for we all know how to get high. But we are attached to the experience.

Yet the changes are happening. To me LSD seems like an anachronism. It's not that I won't take it again, I probably will. But the need for it is disappearing from the culture. Sometimes the whole acid scene tends to bring itself down. I once did a study to find out if acid that was given as a gift of love was different than acid that was purchased on the street, under up-tight situations. The love acid produced clearer trips, the street stuff more paranoid bummers. There's a lot of love in the culture, but there's also a lot of paranoia.

Logos: Can't this paranoia be considered a useful, almost necessary part of our scene?

Ram Dass: I've watched the original Haight-Ashbury scene grow from pot to hash to acid, and some to speed. Now speed does screw up your body. These people saw where they were at and had enough consciousness left in them to dig that they were getting strung out. They went on weird diets and pulled all kinds of dramatic scenes. A lot of them moved out of the cities and into the country still taking their speed trips with them, but eventually they used it up. They're not visible on the street-speed scene simply because they're no longer a part of it. They don't need anything from it anymore.

Logos: I wish I could see some of these things happening.

Ram Dass: There is a story about a saint who goes into a city of gold and light. The disciple goes into the town and finds a city of filth. You see what you are ready to be. If you can be centered enough, you will touch a place in people which goes beyond their game role. Otherwise, your desires will create your universe—this is an unbending law of the way it works. But the change is happening. We always see the trees, but we never see the forest because we get never get back far enough to see the process.

Log: How does one get point that point and see things at they are?

Ram D: You cannot get there until you no longer wish to get there. The path is gradual, but it cannot start until you begin to detach yourself from your desires. Eventually you may become pure isness. But first, you must extricate yourself from attachment to your senses and thoughts. The desires created by your senses and thoughts create your universe. Detachment breaks this web of illusion in which we are all trapped. You must transcend your models of "how it is" to reach the place where it is "here and now".

L: A lot of people who might be interested in seeing the "here and now" have no idea of how to go about it. What do you do?

Ram: First, you must get your scene straight. This involves becoming more aware of what you want, who you hang with, what you eat, what you read, etc. Create a place dedicated to centering— a room with a candle, some incense—just a place to sit quiet. Find out what brings you down and begin to change it. Eventually, as you grow more centered the new life style will become more natural, and you will do what you do merely because you do it. The Melodrama becomes less fascinating, but you play without involvement.

L: In our culture today some people are growing an awareness of things being wrong and they are resorting to violent means to change the world to what they think it should be. How do you see this?

R: To change anything, it is first necessary to change yourself. You can only create vibrations of peace and love by being peace and love. The law of the universe applies here too; Your desires create your universe. You must love the person you're protesting against as much as you love yourself. Otherwise, you will merely create more of what you're trying to destroy. That is, the police create the hippies, and the hippies react and create the police and the cycle continues.

L: Some call it irresponsible action to retreat into meditation. It's a question of attachment and non-involvement and it's relevance.

Ram: The game society wishes played is a game of total involvement and complete at-

tachment, but take the basic game of a parent raising a child. If the parent is calmly centered there will be a total involvement at the game level but at the same time, the parent is totally detached from the role they are playing. What happens is complete communication between the parent and the child. From this point, there is no parent or child or adult or infant. The child is seen as merely a being being a child. The child is free from paranoia and not only will a beautiful person be raised, but the parent will also be freeing a Buddha. The most socially responsible thing you can do is to work on your own consciousness. L: Living as we do, in a city, printing a newspaper, we fall in love with the melodrama very easily; we like to play the illusion. It's fun.

Ram: You can continue to live the melodrama and still meditate and center yourself and if you do your role will be liberating to all those you come in contact with. What your "thing" is, is quite irrelevant of your internal spiritual growth. Some roles do inhibit meditation; however, all these melodramas, these roles, are merely garments of central casting and anyone, the postmen, the cop, the speed freak, can be a Buddha.

L: What exactly do you mean to say that we are all one?

BaBa: In Buddhism there is a concept of compassion. It means having a total feeling of what your brother is experiencing. But you see his trip, whether beautiful or sad, as merely another karmic trip which is to be honored and respected, but nothing has to be done about it. You see all these trips as a cycle that we are all on, together. The ocean gives off a mist which rises and becomes clouds and then falls as raindrops returning to the ocean. The raindrop doesn't laugh at the water still in the clouds, nor help it fall, nor feel better or worse than the waters in the ocean, but merely says its cool, you're water in the sky and I'm a raindrop.

Log: We see this melodrama, but it becomes very hard to detach from it when see it annihilating itself, or choking on its own breath.

Baba: A lot of people are becoming aware of problems of pollution and they make noise about it and this changes things. However, all this noise is merely a function of the centering of those involved. When the people making noise begin to get pure inside, the air they are breathing will begin to clear up. A conscious being cannot pollute because he realizes he is his brother looking at the ground he has just passed. Thus the whole ecology concern is man becoming conscious as he becomes aware of the implications of his actions. He then goes one level further out. A lot of the do-gooding now involved in cleansing the air we breathe is just that, do-gooding. Our culture is activist oriented, always doing. Once we stop doing and start being, a lot more will get done.

L: Man becoming ecologically aware, then, sounds like a historical event.

R.D.: Everything today seems like a historical event. History itself is an anachronism, it's meaning is gone. Once something has happened, it has happened. It is all now. History is also a very linear way of thought. When you get into the "here and now" you see all these historical trends as just another process, another wave in the ocean, building and rising and crashing on the shore and the sea calms again.

L: Sometimes one sees all these processes and understands his place in the melodrama and knows it's a game, and can stop worrying about his role. But it never lasts for long.

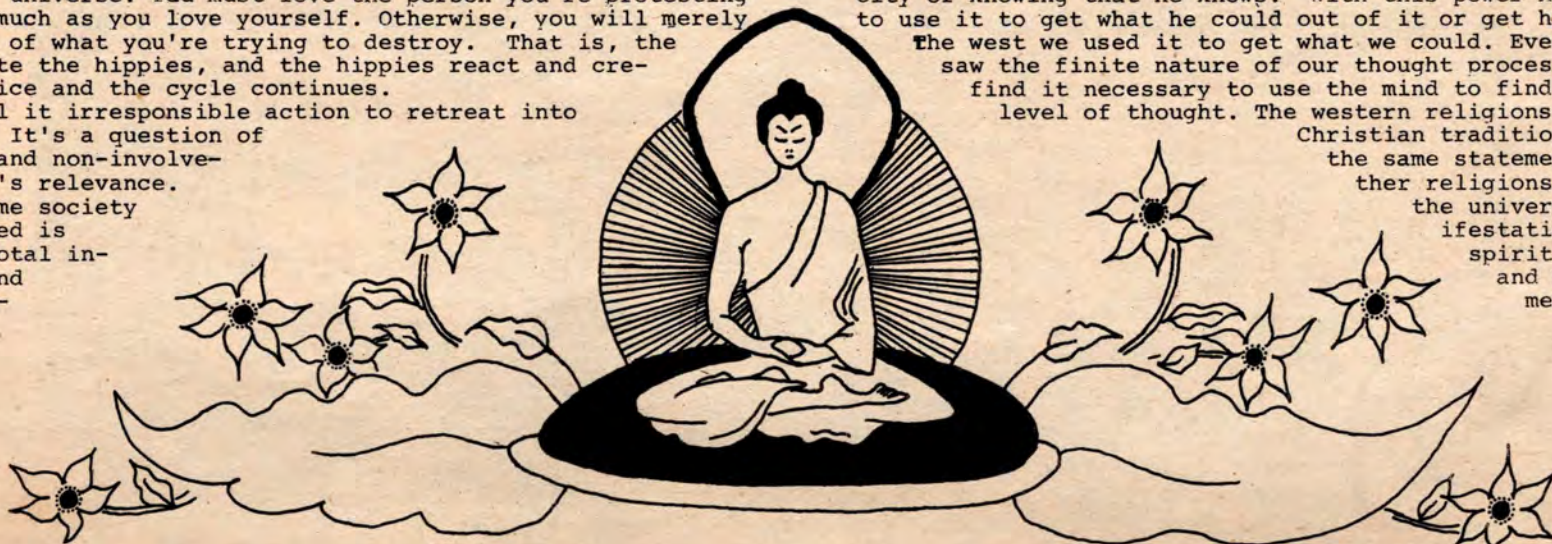
Ram: If you'd really stop worrying, it'd be all right. But you always worry your worries after you've stopped worrying. The Buddha says we must stop having views.

L: But it's a strong habit to break. It's so basic. We keep questioning and questioning, searching for more knowledge.

Ram: The habit will break when it breaks. We will eventually learn to give up knowledge, the flash of curiosity and the satisfaction of knowing that you know, and replace our rational thought patterns based on the accumulation of knowledge, for the Eastern mode of consciousness, Wisdom, based on experience and non separation of the knower from the known.

L: Most of the people in the head community were raised in some religion. Why have they all rejected it, but at the same time discovered certain truths in the eastern laws?

R.D.: In the evolution of man he developed the rational capacity of knowing that he knows. With this power he was able to use it to get what he could out of it or get higher. In the west we used it to get what we could. Eventually we saw the finite nature of our thought process and then find it necessary to use the mind to find a higher level of thought. The western religions, the Judaeo Christian tradition, express the same statement as all other religions, The laws of the universe are manifestations of the spirit; the Old and New Testaments are





are state-
ments of the
these laws. If
one honors the Ten

Commandments, new kar-
ma cannot be created. How-

ever, in all the religions in the west the spirit
has been driven out and only the laws remain. What
is needed today is that our culture, which is again
aware of the spirit, bring it back to the churches
and temples. The churches of the west are perfect
structures for meditating in; the forms are already
there, all that is lacking is the spirit, which is
in each of us. There is no need to create things

like the League for Spiritual Discovery. The ins-
titutions are already there. I have been travelling

cross-country giving many speeches in churches;

everyone who comes sees what a far-out thing

it is to chant OM or Hare Krishna or even

Hail Mary or the Schma in a church.

L: Then what makes it difficult for us to-
day to return to the temples and churches
we were raised in?

R.D.: For most of us, a block toward
religion as organized in the west,

has been planted in our heads. My
rabbi got \$40,000 a year, and my fa-
ther was a board of trustees member of
the temple and he elected this rabbi
and he damned well better give a good
sermon on the Sabbath. It was a busi-
ness. Religion, as I was raised in, was
a shuck. But most of these rabbis or mi-
nisters or priests were, at least at one
time, true seekers of the spirit, who got
lost in the business of religion. When
they meet someone who is aware of the spi-
rit they get turned on to it again.

There's a vibrational difference too.

Billy Graham, the evangelist, once threw
two long haired people in his audience
out of the stadium. Another evangelist
stood up in amazement at the fact that the
only people there who looked like Christ
were being asked to leave. The organized
Church is just learning again that you
can't hustle the spirit. Once they learn
that, more of our culture will be return-
ing to the church.

L: Aside from being raised with a heap of
artificial religion, we were also over-
educated; Sputnik kids who had learning
and knowledge crammed into our heads. The
new religions in the world are western and
the oldest eastern. Could our cycle of ra-
tionality be coming to an end?

R.D. This is a time when the rational mind
has gone as far as it will go, and over-
education makes one more aware of that
while younger. Western thought has reached
its logical extreme. The West, super ra-
tionalist, materialist, activist oriented
society is a perfect breeding ground for
a mass interest in spiritual search and a
genuine spiritual rebirth. The yogas of
the east say that the spirit has gone west.
The new generation in the east wants Coca-
Cola and transistor radios and televi-
sion, while the new generation in the
west wants brown rice. Western cynicism has
reached its peak. We are reaching a point
where we are becoming aware, on a mass
level, that we know so much, but it's not

enough and that we cannot know
it all. Western thought is us-
ing up its method. We are learn-
ing that the rational mind is
an exquisite servant but a lousy
master.

L: The situation is often that
a person becomes aware of know-
ing that he cannot know. But the

person has de-
veloped such an
expertise in this
mode of thought that
he is afraid to give it
up, and learn a new process
of thinking, which may or may

not get him there. What then?

R.D. Your rational trip can continue, but you need
not be attached to it. External change is not nec-
essary. You don't have to run down the street na-
ked, screaming freedom. Keep your thing, your sci-
ence. Once you are aware that man and nature are
harmonious, and the task of the scientist is to
flow, not to control, then science becomes an
exquisite tool for becoming conscious. Eventual-
ly, the difference between the knower and the
known, which still remains, even in a con-
scious scientist, has to go, too, but the
science is an exquisite tool to get you there.

L: Although it is necessary to stop desires,
some desires appear needed, at least as
a starter; for instance, the desire to
learn yoga or become liberated.

R.D.: All desires are traps. Some de-
sires take you closer to the door,
but before you can pass through they
must be given up. However, you can
surrender nothing. When you are
through desiring, then you will be
through desiring.

Logos: You talk about super-rationality,
Biblical miracles and spiritual search.
What about science-fiction and literature
in general as a spiritual tool?

Baba: Man creates nothing, he merely re-
members. Science fiction, like all liter-
ature is knowledge from the astral plane
By entering any science or fiction with
single-mindedness, you may see the whole
universe there. However, a study of tea-
cups may prove just as liberating as a
study of physics. All the books you
read will teach you nothing. The only
things that really seem to work are
things that vibrate with you and res-
onate inside. We have to learn to trust
our intuitive sense of validity, that
little voice inside. All of western ed-
ucation is based on the false premise
that you can learn from the outside.
You can only learn from experience.

L: Sometimes I hear, but I don't trust.

Ram Dass: Trust or faith is the key to
opening the door to the spirit. LSD
started a breakdown of this form of cy-
nicism; things began to happen that
didn't fit into our normal thought pat-
terns, and again we learned about faith.

L: The becoming one with everything is
sometimes very alienating as we all live
in a multi-dimensional reality where it
is difficult to maintain that sense of
self, individual that we have and all
real.

R.D. Good. That person you are clinging
to will have to go to. What is real a-
bout yourself anyway. What is happening
is we are creating a togetherness where
we are still separate. Our sense of to-
getherness are merely models of being
together which we pre-program and never
really get to, because when we are there,
we are all together, and there is no one
to be aware of these models and
their accuracy. It is just be-
ing together, simply and good.

At this point, we ran out of
tape, but not experience. We
passed the rest of the evening
chanting over tea and finally
left that much higher and
clearer.

the soul on its path through the after-life Bardos. In this way the spirit may obtain liberation from all suffering. For
 sure a successful passage from the human plane to the next. Thus may he achieve liberation in the Western paradise of Amitbha.
 It is rare that karmic conditions are such that one may find eternal freedom so shortly after death; the voyage continues.
 ed to it. He enters the second state, the Chonyid Bardo, the transitional state of the experiencing or glimpsing of reality. He becomes
 he may believe that the hallucinations appearing before him are real. Unless the spirit is well-guided and his karma is pure, the latter is the
 before him. The priest guides him and reminds him that what he sees is merely illusion and not to be scared; he offers prayers to help the spirit
 If this is the case, he enters, for the remaining of the 49 days of his after-death existence, the Srid-Pahi Bardo, the transitional state while
 but also possesses a firm belief that he should have one. He seeks the universe for a new form. The priest guides on and tries to insure
 being, either human or animal. The new form lives and dies, passes through the void and is re-born anew over and over for all centuries.

ss are, nor heed,
 engers appear,
 suffering feel
 ting.
 holy men;
 th's messengers,
 , but give heed
 rine says;
 htened see
 fertile source,
 ee themselves,
 xtinguishing.
 are they,
 fleeting show;
 and fear,
 vercome.



35. Chin / Progress

— above Li Fire
 — below K'un Earth
 —

The hexagram represents the sun rising over the earth. It is therefore the symbol of rapid, easy progress.

The Judgement

Progress. The powerful prince is honored with horses in large numbers. In a single day he is granted audience three times

The Image.

The sun rises over the earth.

The image of PROGRESS.

Thus the superior man himself

Brightens his bright virtue.

The Lines.

A broken first line means:

Progressing, but turned back.

Perserverance brings good fortune.

If one meets with no confidence, one should remain calm.

A broken second line means:

Progressing, but in sorrow.

Perserverance brings good fortune.

Then one obtains great happiness from one's ancestress.

A broken third line means:

All are in accord. Remorse disappears.

A solid fourth line means:

Progress like a hamster.

Perserverance brings danger.

A broken fifth line means:

Remorse disappears.

Take not gain and loss to heart.

Undertakings bring good fortune.

Everything serves to further.

A solid sixth line means:

Making progress with the horns is

permissible only for the purpose

of punishing one's own city.

To be conscious of danger brings

good fortune. No blame.

Perserverance brings humiliation.

Logos - Montreal MARCH, 1970

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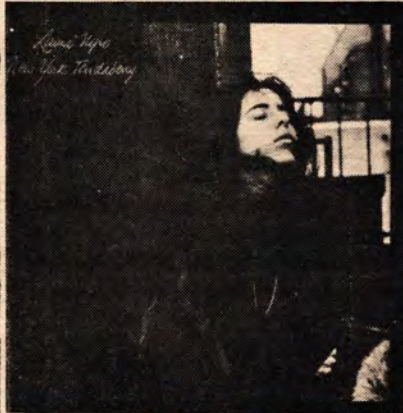
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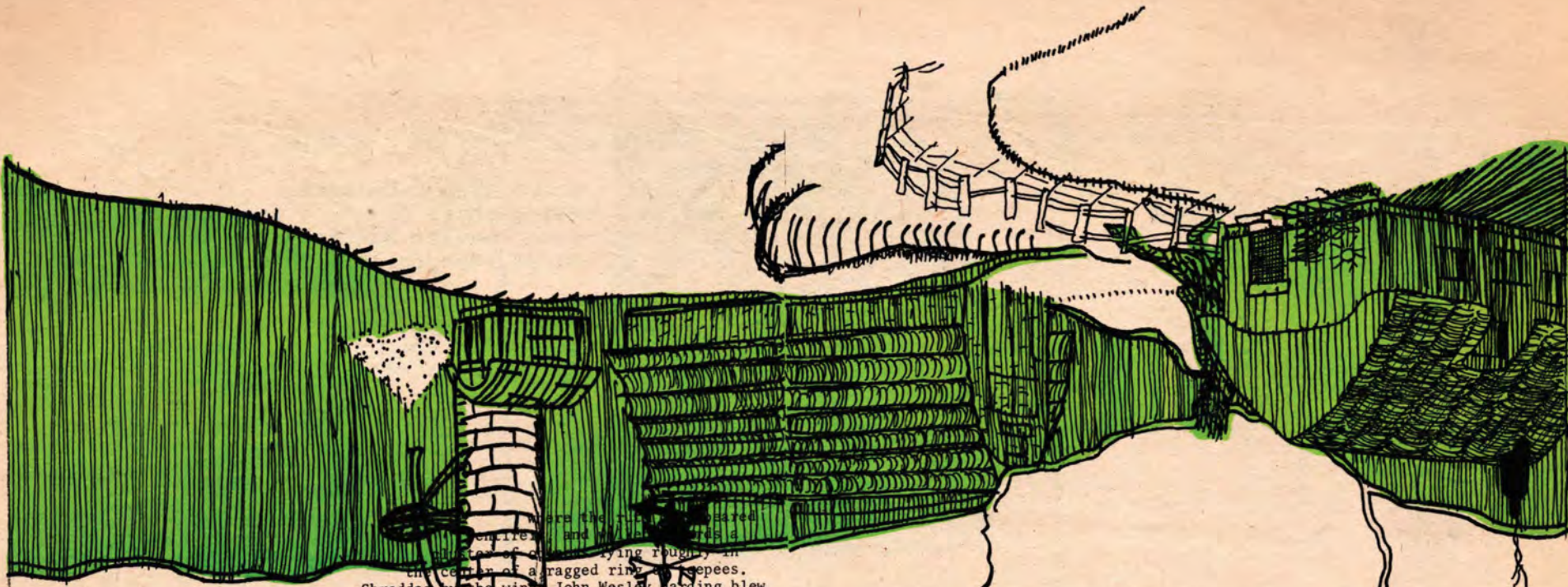
G SWARZMAN

VIVE LE POULET LIBRE

Logos - MONTREAL MARCH, 1970

Incantations to the dawn,
Street corner reading of Omar Khayim,
They pass.
I speak to a leftover snowflake
Frying in a garbage field of daisies.
Call to the eagle, sunrise,
I coughed tuberculosis to a smokestack below.

I
Stuttering a scream
I want
Mumbling a hurricane
I want to
Swallowing a song
I want to be awake
Exploding in hysteria
I want to be awake
Caverns of darkness echoing back
I want to be alive
Black horsemen gallop a retreat
I want to be awake
The rush hour siren dies of time
I want to be alive
The buildings slam their windows
I want to be awake
Drowning in light through the windows
I want to be alive
Halos shining off tree-top roofs bouncing off the valley
I want to be awake
Flying with the birds returning summit puffs of white on blue sky tune
I want to be alive
Feel your hand touch me tingle shaking morning union divine angle chorus
Want to be
Tumult a river of bodies
Want to be
Shining through your darkness
Want to
You, me, a river with the snow
To be
Melting into each other
Be
Melting into each other
II am.



...where the river appeared
entirely and ...
...lying roughly in
the center of a ragged ring of
Shredded by the wind, John Wesley Harding blew
along the hillside past us, back towards the
deep black and green ... where a brown barefoot
girl with Indian braids and a faded, ankle-length
skirt was pulling weeds. As we drew closer, the objects
defined themselves as sheds and rough abode buildings.
In the largest shed, in a tumble of tools and bailed straw
sleepy eyed goats stood by the phonograph watching another
girl make mocassins. A man my age, with the beard of a Baby-
lonian warrior, wiped a mahogany hand on the leg of his ancient
dungarees, then offered it in greeting. The old friend of friends,
he had lived a few short years ago in the Staten Island tenement
where I live now, but he looked as if he had dwelt in the austerity
of northern New Mexico for half a century.

What does anyone mean when he speaks of "the movement?" To a great
extent, each of us is probably talking about a very private set of notions
regarding the way the world ought to be, that we share or hope to share
with our fellow human beings. But notions come and go, and come again.
There was a time quite recently, when, "in the movement" was very nearly
synonymous with radical pacifism. Not there weren't always other ways of be-
ing against the system, but that was where nearly all the action seemed to
come from: vigils, pickets, sit-ins, noncooperation-these were what we meant
when we said "direct action." In practice this is still mostly the case, but
the dominant rhetoric has changed, and so have our attitudes.

Such changes are mainly internal, but nevertheless consequential. The forces
for change that we have been tinkering with have affected us much more
intensively, and faster, than they have affected society. Three
years ago we marched, a couple of thousand strong, and said, if
we could only get 100,000." Yet when we got 100,000, we were al-
ready saying, "We're not marching anymore." We went from dis-
sent to resistance, and from there to wherever it is we think
we are now, and all the while proponents of nonviolence-bela-
boured ourselves for not inventing "more effective" alterna-
tives to tactics we ourselves abandoned as soon as significant
numbers seemed ready at last to join in. It sometimes ap-
pears as if this ideology gap-this race we run with our own
shadows-may be a built in mechanism, designed to protect
society from the too-sudden transformation we might other-
wise accomplish.

Whether or not they go along with that last bit of
theorizing, many people feel today that a point has been
reached where they must choose among divergent paths: drop out
and build a positive (though microcosmic) society of their own;
go underground and learn the manufacture of explosives; or stay
where they are and become the stretcher-bearers, the 1-AO's of
the new movement.

It's a pretty grim choice if you're convinced that vi-
olence, even more so than other species of power, corrupts beyond
all redemption: either private revolution, without hope of immediate
relevance, or public revolution, achieved (if at all) as always before, at
the direct expense of every worthwhile aim. The dilemma isn't new, nor is
today's movement drop-out the first to go back to land, or to build communes.
Most recently in the early '50's, many World War II draft resisters took part
in strikingly similar experiments; but American history is full of such
attempts, and the fact that most have failed doesn't necessarily indicate
failure. That's how evolution works: Thousands of mutants struggle
and die, before one fairly viable new form emerges.

There is probably no sense in which the half-dozen com-
munities we chanced to visit truly represented anything beyond the
fact that large numbers of people are currently attempting a great
many different approaches. A random day spent at any one of them
would certainly teach more than I could convey in an entire book;
all I can do is to offer a few scattered observations of the one
community that gave most to think about, and a few tips on com-
mune stalking in general.

The first lessons I had to learn
were: don't ask too many questions, stay out of the
way, listen and watch, be as patient as possible. The
important things going on aren't easily put into
words, probably because there aren't any words yet
(in English anyway) for the kind of inter-rela-
tionships these people are attempting to e-
volve. It might be comparable to trying
to describe to an orphan just what is
different about growing up- happily
or otherwise-among your own parents
and siblings.



contained
about 25 persons
when we were there. No
one had, or cared to give me,
a more precise figure (this is one
of the things you need patience for).
It was one year old, and had, at the out-
set, been able to start on a more ambitious
scale than most. They owned enough good land
(with irrigation rights, all important in New
Mexico) to feed at least double their numbers.

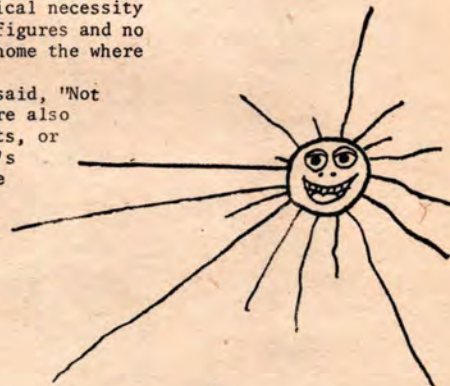
That much in fact, and whatever else I can
say is mainly deduction? I spoke with nearly every-
one there, but being interviewed was obviously not an
agreeable pastime. Many, perhaps most, of these people
had formerly been involved in movement activities; but
the universal reaction to news of demonstrations or incar-
cerations of friends was, "Are they still in that bag?"
Any discussion of world events was clearly a bore; tomorrow's
weather was anything but.

This intense parochialism disturbed me until I began to
understand the priorities they had set for themselves.

Very roughly, these were: 1(one's own head; 2)
the immediate physical environment; 3)each other;
4)the outside world. The objective was to get
straight with each; and while progress in the
first three areas might be simultaneous, the
fourth would have to be saved for last. Thus,
when I mentioned the great influx of like-
minded people into the region, and the in-
evitably of conflicts with the Indian and
Mexican populations, the attitude was we'll
about about that when the time comes."
Yet they had already had ominous visits
from local and state police, and even the
FBI had come, looking they said for Dr.
King's assassin. Never mind. The commune
discussed things seriously, in fact endless-
ly, but the things they discussed were on
the order of who-should-feed-the-dogs.

Gradually I pieced other relationships to-
gether, and guessed as a few implications. A-
side from one couple who (judging by their com-
parative pallor, the state of their clothing, and
the length of hair on his face and her legs) hadn't
been there more than a month, everyone I asked was no
longer living with the partner with whom they had arrived.
I gathered that this wasn't due to idle sexual experimentation;
it was more an example of the kind of risks you run when you
put yourself through so many different changes, all at once.
Bonds formed by the old self don't fit the new, and mom-
dad-kid arrangement was no longer a practical necessity
where every child had a choice of father-figures and no
mother had to depend on one man to bring home the where
withal.

I don't recall who, but it has been said, "Not
only do we not have any answers, but we are also
part of the problem." In the city streets, or
wherever else we confront "the enemy", it's
all too easy to forget that the way we live
is what we are- and our personal lives
are not much better, in any vital sense,
than that soldier's, or that cop's.
Until we learn-somewhere, some-
how- to live without exploiting
our fellow human being
we can hardly ex-
pect it of
them.





GROW YOUR OWN EVERYTHING

It is fall. The meal is served. A huge salad of fresh garden vegetables. Your whole body tingles with the feelings of the earth rushing throughout. These precious foods do not come from cans, nor even grow on the supermarket shelf. At the time of the year when the earth is first being warmed again by the sun, she cries for the hand of the farmer. With rake and plow and seed he works divine magic with the land. A little care and water and sunshine and a garden of earthly delights appear. He needs but love and sunshine. In most farming communities there are old farms for sale. A drive through the countryside of Québec will show the local farmers most helpful, both in helping to find a farm and in sharing knowledge and yarns of what and when and where to grow. Even the gov't, The Ministry of Agriculture, Tel. 873-4071 will offer a helping hand, by supplying valuation and economic assistance to the salt of the earth.

Spring thaw;
my nose against
the window I see my
father turning the sod. He
is breaking the ground
for a summer garden. It is
hard to pry the earth loose
from the clenched grasp of a
winter not yet forgotten. But on
derneath the earth is rich and
dark and promises straight
days that hint of warmth and full-
ness. We play outside in the long-
evening afternoons almost till supper.
It is time to plant. I finally
hear my mother say. "There is
a little danger of another frost."
We beg to help. Excited the air
is still cold on our ears and fingers
as we dig the long crooked ditches,
sifting out the large rocks and pebbles,
broken roots. I will not wear a hat. We
fill the trenches with water, watching
it soak in the mud, carrots, flat beans, skinny
broccoli. My father helps us build tall wobbly
scaffolds out of sticks and string for the tomatoes.
And pole beans. My mother bends to her own special
patch of herbs and flowers in the corner- thyme, tarragon,
sage, poppies at random among the larger vegetables to keep
the weeds out.

When we have finally finished, patting the earth care-
fully over the seeds after a last look and stretching our tired backs
in the evening shadows, it is hard to imagine the summer of lea-
ves, fruit, colors, smells, and fresh salads already growing under
our feet. I feel chilly again. My father hands me my jacket, the sun
staring between us. We stick the seed packages on stakes to mark
the rows, hurrying against the dark. The garden looks empty and si-
lent with just those rakish signs for predictions, flat and open, keeping
its secret with the sky.

We turn and go inside. We will watch patiently as
the earth warms and moistens around our secret seeds, sprouting
in the dark close dirt, silent explosion of life. We will grow with
them into the sun.

Jig
fo' butcha
through the pines
Along the misty way
a dew.
Water soaking into earth
and wood
Waterproof cocoon and
spider web
Sparkling light - splash of joy
Nooks and crannies of my being
All bathed in sunshine.
RAVE ON!!
Ain't gonna die again
I swear
I swear
I swear
I swear
I swear

We looked to
the sun for
advice and as
we shied away
returned to ponder
the grass, fearful of
even the long after-
noon shadows
there. The sun seemed to smile
at us. We knew we were
in a long feeling
stage of the flower
even planning and
the glowing and
walking down in
her self down at
the front of the
podage steaming
on a furry dream
hills summit.

OLD BEAR
grunted and turned
and tossed in his
sleep. It was a long
sleep he had taken,
lying and looking most
like a rug since the first
snows had arrived the first
back last fall. Now he
rolled over again, stirring
in his dreams; such happy
dreams they were too; of
beautiful young she-bears and
all kinds of fish swimming
in the stream. And every-
thing he just waiting for him.....
And he stirred again in his dreams
and again after that he woke and then he
looked around, dazed and groggy and
rolled over hoping to return to sleep, but it
was just impossible. There was something keep-
ing him awake. So he looked around his beautiful
cave and was feeling veery. I last remembered it
time, or at least not a thing except for four walls
and not even those too clearly for he had slept for a long
it certainly is warm. I wished to do was sleep. And being so very
cold, that all these little bugs were on all the trees.
his little cave he saw that there was hardly any snow on the
ground at all. Then he growled and rubbed his eyes. Finally he sat down and
tried to put all his observations together. He thought and
his head and huge body as far as he could and then he shook
thought to very hard about the birds and the birds and the
lack of very hard about the birds and the birds and the
up in the air and the warm weather. "Why its suddenly and the
am hungry." So growled. "Why its suddenly and the
down to the river to try catch some fish, and I see
and probably a little she bear
too.

"Button your wind-breaker and put your scarf on before you go out," Billy please she said. "It just seems warm and you'll probably catch cold." "But Mum!" he whined, "I don't have to," but really didn't say that or much more than "Yes", for he was busy eyeing the sixpence on the table and the blue fluff outside and all the toys and sweets he could buy and what a nice day for a no school Saturday.

He stood looking at the streetcorner and the directions he could go, untying his scarf and loosening his jacket. A breeze moved him off the main and down a side street. A small girl glanced at her mum and saw her looking the other way, winked at Billy. He jumped and stopped and smiled and walked on, spurred forward by a magic he was too young to understand. The mother took the girl by the hand and led her across the street.

She vanished into the background into a gift of

green, the park, this day, and he was led up a tree. Shinnying up the trunk, he climbed his castle and gazed down the windows but more through the skylight where the sun danced shadows all over him. And through it all the aroma of marshmallows roasting in the field below grabbed his nose and down the tree.

"Hi, my names Billy, may I have a marshmallow." Even the children around the little fire looked at him like adults and thought him fresh and forward. "Where's your home?", they asked. "over there a-way, may I have a marshmallow?" "Do your parents always let you walk so far alone?" "Oh, why, uh, May I have a marshmallow." Haven't you learned to say please yet, son?". "Why, of course sir, and ran off shaking his head with a big marshmallow getting in the way of his laughter.

And he ran and ran flying over the grass and under the sun while the old men at the chess game waved him onwards, bouncing up and down and flying higher than the birds and spinning round trees and dodging cricket fields, a scarf sailing in the breeze until there was no more grass and his shadow slowed him to a laugh and he walked and panted and grinned to no one. All the smiling people walking by.

A water fountain edge, Billy drownd himself in and dropped on the floor so heavy suddenly, somehow managed to crawl and propped himself again by the side of the fountain. With a leaden belly leading he drifted away, pictures of sea boat cabins

and captains, sitting at the deck, the sun off the water off the sails, whittling at fish bones and leaping at a call from above, the crow's nest, his carving replaced in his hands by a harpoon, sitting in a small boat and rowing after her and teeth flying holding tight, pulling them and slower, fifty, ken

chanting
gritting his
his weapon
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and slower
nally rea-
to be ta-
back,

hauled in. Water splashed on him to the voice of excuse me

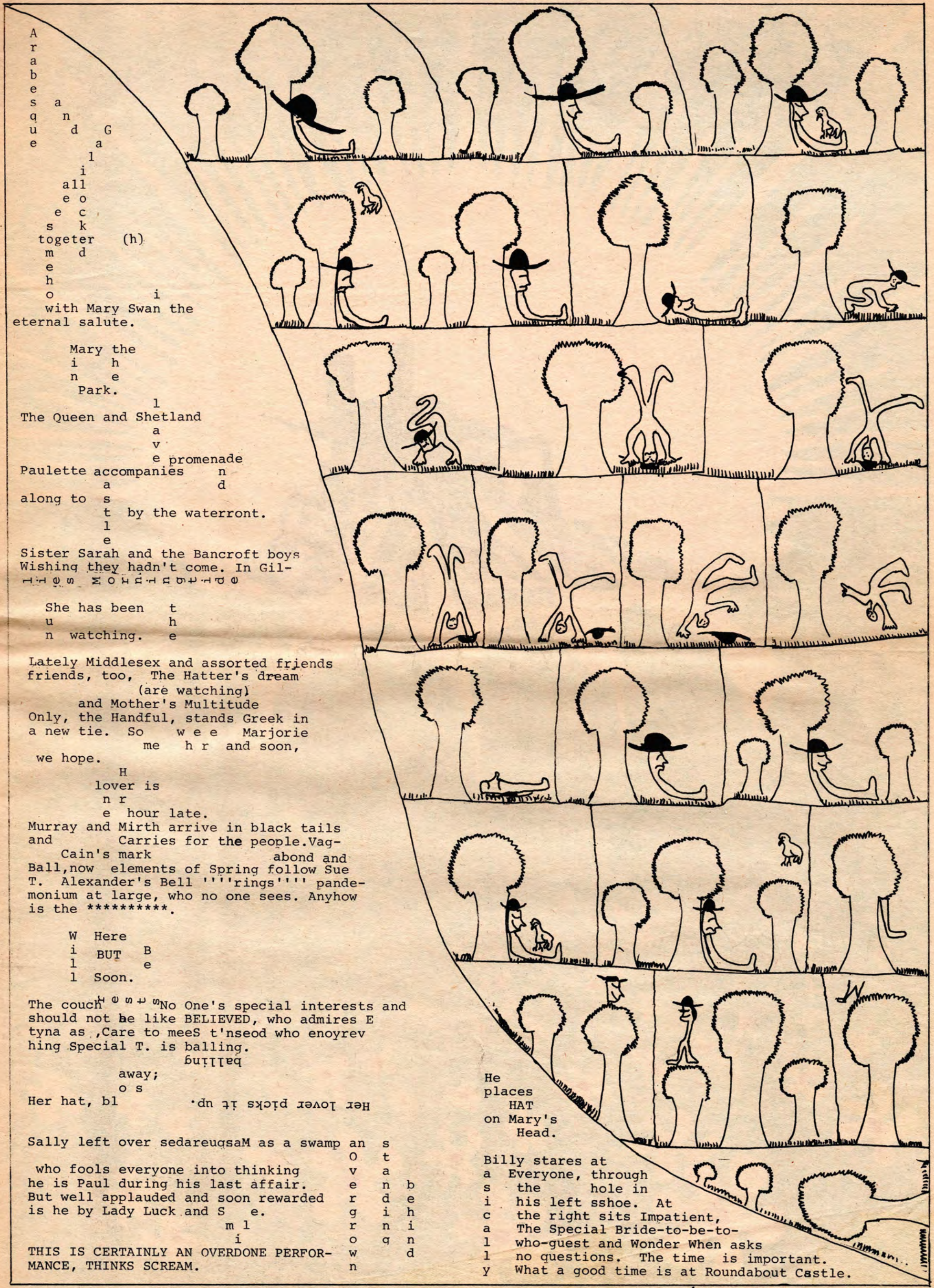
and Billy stood up, looking a little mad, not really angry, and walked on amidst the sudden approaching dark and feelings of a little hungry.

The growing dark and a little tired not so much weary, well aware of the power of the coin in his pocket, his fingers running across

cross it, and the windows calling candy; it mattered little that away mother called home.

His belly called first at the candy shop on the corner, the big counter, even on tip-toes he could hardly see across the top, and took a breath and felt his coin and chose very carefully. "Lemme that one", after much thought, but with really sure fingers he slowly unwrapped a big egg o'chocolate and placed four pence in his pocket.

A delay he thought remembering again he was bound homeward till his impatiently careful unwrapping exploded in his mouth and carried him away to the land of giggle coated sugar cane trees. He stood a laughing statue on the corner, they hurrying around him. It was gone soon, and now there was a balloon in his hands, floating him to his homeland, empty pockets, floating over the rushing pedestrians below and bouncing off the roof of a bus and watching them hurry to his drift and growing smaller all the time, the clouds much closer, Slow he moved, like an eagle and swooping and darting and soaring upwards, blue fluff.



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n w a t c h i n g . e

L a t e l y M i d d l e s e x a n d a s s o r t e d f r i e n d s
f r i e n d s , t o o , T h e H a t t e r ' s d r e a m
(a r e w a t c h i n g)
a n d M o t h e r ' s M u l t i t u d e
O n l y , t h e H a n d f u l , s t a n d s G r e e k i n
a n e w t i e . S o w e e M a r j o r i e
m e h r a n d s o o n ,
w e h o p e .

H
l o v e r i s
n r
e h o u r l a t e .
M u r r a y a n d M i r t h a r r i v e i n b l a c k t a i l s
a n d C a r r i e s f o r t h e p e o p l e . V a g -
C a i n ' s m a r k a b o n d a n d
B a l l , n o w e l e m e n t s o f S p r i n g f o l l o w S u e
T . A l e x a n d e r ' s B e l l ' ' ' r i n g s ' ' ' p a n d e -
m o n i u m a t l a r g e , w h o n o o n e s e e s . A n y h o w
i s t h e * * * * * .

W H e r e
i B U T B
l e
l S o o n .

T h e c o u c h " " " N o O n e ' s s p e c i a l i n t e r e s t s a n d
s h o u l d n o t b e l i k e B E L I E V E D , w h o a d m i r e s E
t y n a a s , C a r e t o m e e s t ' n s e o d w h o e n o y r e v
h i n g S p e c i a l T . i s b a l l i n g .
b u t t e q

a w a y ;
o s
H e r h a t , b l H e r l o v e r p i c k s i t u p .

S a l l y l e f t o v e r s e d a r e u q s a M a s a s w a m p a n s
O t a n b
w h o f o o l s e v e r y o n e i n t o t h i n k i n g
h e i s P a u l d u r i n g h i s l a s t a f f a i r .
B u t w e l l a p p l a u d e d a n d s o o n r e w a r d e d
i s h e b y L a d y L u c k a n d S e .
m l
i
T H I S I S C E R T A I N L Y A N O V E R D O N E P E R F O R -
M A N C E , T H I N K S S C R E A M .
n

H e
p l a c e s
H A T
o n M a r y ' s
H e a d .

B i l l y s t a r e s a t
a E v e r y o n e , t h r o u g h
s t h e h o l e i n
i h i s l e f t s s h o e . A t
c t h e r i g h t s i t s I m p a t i e n t ,
a T h e S p e c i a l B r i d e - t o - b e - t o -
l w h o - g u e s t a n d W o n d e r W h e n a s k s
l n o q u e s t i o n s . T h e t i m e i s i m p o r t a n t .
y W h a t a g o o d t i m e i s a t R o u n d a b o u t C a s t l e .

